

## Belgium To Bordeaux

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## Belgium To Bordeaux

by [dnfsinner](#), [thewritingmerchant](#)

### Summary

“What the hell are those?”

George freezes at the strained question, sensing the indignation behind words that were supposed to be kept low toned. A poorly sought-out laugh escapes Sapnap’s throat, the boy coughing and shutting up the second Dream snapped red-like eyes at him, and the tension is insufferable, blatant, and unmistakably there between all three of them.

“What do you mean?” George was the one to break through confidently.

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Or, Dream is very possessive of George, and Sapnap helps them realize it.

### Notes

HIIII

okay so, this is a collab with [wombat](#) as i couldn't finish the fic

i wrote the up until dream looks at sapnap while he's jerking off and they wrote up to where

dream falls on the bed :)

enjoy !!

also: [wombat's twitter](#)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It's a given that Dream is entirely possessive over George.

Everyone can see it—can hear it when they're on a call with someone else besides *just them* because of how Dream goes quiet, only talks to George, and interrupts the third party person every second he could manage.

Their fans play it off as a joke, always saying something about how *Dream sounds jealous* whenever he enters a call and playfully scolds George for leaving him alone for hours to talk to someone like Quackity. And don't get it wrong, Dream loves Quackity like a brother—but even he knew not to hog George for too long, especially if it's to provoke a reaction for the sake of YouTube content.

Really, Dream couldn't actually do anything to stop George from talking to others, lest he starts some sort of argument that ends up with real feelings being blurbed that he isn't even aware of having.

The possessiveness holds Dream at a temptation every frightful day. And he knows that no matter what—when the sun goes down and time blurs into something surreal—that George is a free man to do whatever the fuck he wants without Dream to breathe down his neck every second. And it's to blame on the distance between them, the four thousand, three hundred, and thirty-six miles.

When it comes down to their separation, Dream can't help but think of it as a nuisance, because it stops him from being with George, from having all of his attention twenty-four hours a day. And sure, they might only be just friends, but the fire of ownership that burns Dream's nerves frayed is much greater than anything.

George was Dream's cause of breathing, even if neither of the two was aware of that fact.

Sapnap was, however. He's been in the middle of it before, has heard Dream vent about how utterly fucking frustrating it is to have George ghost him for days just to hang out with other people that *aren't him*. And Sapnap is the only exception of George's time that Dream doesn't particularly care about since they were all best friends—the profounding trio.

When George *finally* moved to Florida, things got a little better—until they didn't.

Muted greens of possession still polished over Dream's skin like a drug. And he honestly thought that having all three of them—Sapnap, George, and him—living under the same roof would render it until it was just a small twinkle of light. But it didn't, and it all was because of Sapnap.

He was touchy, wanted to cuddle George whenever he had the opportunity, always saying he liked how easy it was for him to be held. (The smallness of George's body made him an easy accomplice for cuddling on the couch).

For some dumb reason, Dream found it maddening to see how George would lean into Sapnap's

touch, nestle his cheek in a broad chest, and fall asleep like it was the easiest thing on planet Earth to be in a tight lock of arms. It irks a spark of something deeper than possession, something unknown and dark because George never lets him touch him in the ways he lets Sapnap. Always flinches when Dream brushes past him or brings him in for a hug, always sits a great distance away from Dream on the couch. And honestly, Dream hates it.

Dream hates it so fucking much. It makes his blood boil over, because why the hell didn't George want to be around him? What was different about Sapnap that George felt so comfortable around him? And why couldn't that be Dream?

His overzealousness was a stake, ready to plunge itself into his heart and bring him to his grave.

It isn't even evident to them, only to the people around. Especially Sapnap. Not only because he lives with them, but he can *see* the way Dream glares daggers at him whenever George asks to cuddle, shoots a gun of anger pointed in his direction every time George wants to watch a movie with him instead of Dream. And Sapnap knows George doesn't mean any harm—knows that George is only nervous because it's *Dream*.

So that's why he brings it up, late into the night when Dream has already run to bed, and George is sitting with him on the couch.

“Dream likes you back, you know.”

A scoff trickles out, vibrates his chest, where George has his face pushed into the broadness. “No, he doesn't, Sapnap. Don't give me false hope.”

“I'm not giving you false hope,” Sapnap drags his fingers up and down George's spine. “He really does like you.”

There's a second of silence. Seized with unfiltered uncertainty from Sapnap's words that infiltrate George's mind, leaving a blanket of precariousness that entangles his bones, and leaves nothing to the shallow eye of what the hell is running through his head.

“How can you be so sure?”

Sapnap barks out a laugh. “George, he's literally so fucking possessive over you. Have you seen the way he looks at me when we do this?” George shakes his head. “It feels like he wants to fucking kill me or something.”

“He's not *possessive*, Nick. It's just Dream being... well, Dream.”

Haphazardly, Sapnap picks George's head off his chest, pushing their position up slightly. “I could prove it to you if you want—like, I can leave hickeys on you so he can see them,” he hesitates, “platonomically, of course.”

For a moment, George doesn't respond, opting to stare down at the crumpled mess of Sapnap's tee-shirt. His heartbeat could be heard in his ears, a coral-like tint blushing over the skin cordially untouched by the Florida sun as he thinks over the implications of ambivalent words.

And he couldn't lie—the thought of upsetting Dream from having pretty redwood bites on his skin from the fault of Sapnap's mouth felt thrilling. Completely vile and cocksure as he wonders what *could* happen once they're noticed on alabaster. But it's also terrifying. Something in the back of George's head was whispering to him that Dream quite literally wouldn't give a damn about it. (Even if he knew that it couldn't be a possibility).

“Where would you do it?” George asks unsurely.

“Everywhere, duh,” Sapnap rolls his eyes, “But I need to know if you want it, so I don’t get gutted tomorrow by Dream for touching you.”

“You aren’t going to get gutted—”

Sapnap smiles wholeheartedly. “Yes, the hell I will! It’s *Dream* we’re talking about here.”

George smacks the other’s chest with the back of his hand, returning the toothy smile tenfold. “Fine. And if you happen to *do* get gutted tomorrow, I will speak wonderful words at your funeral.”

“Shut up, dumbass,” Sapnap rolls his eyes again, and there’s a second of hesitation when they lock gazes, “a-are you sure you want this? Because—”

“Don’t be so scared,” George teases out, readjusting his position in Sapnap’s lap, so he’s straddling the other, “it’s all platonic, right?”

Sapnap swallows, thick and heavy as his Adam’s apple bobs in his throat. “W-Well, yeah. Of course, it is.”

“Then come on,” the other urges, his right knee almost slipping off the side of the couch as he leans closer. “Mark me up.”

It’s so clearly a taunt, words cutting through laced tension as Sapnap attaches his lips to the side of a pale neck. He tenderly leaves small kisses to the expanse, George humming in response before Sapnap pulls the skin between his teeth and sucks a rush of blood to the surface painted bubblegum pink.

He fondles the skin for a moment too long, laving his tongue over the mark when he lets go and attacks another soft patch. George tries to refrain his gasps from turning into little whimpers, but he fails horribly. Flashes of sickening hot white running down his spine from the feeling of the other’s tongue against his skin, lips already sucking another blemish.

The way Sapnap marks George’s neck is viscously churning between hesitant and hungry. And George lolls his head back to give the other more access to bite at the side of his neck.

An underlying tension of *something* sticks its way in the air around them, soft breaths being fanned across paleness every time Sapnap moves to mark up another spot. Claim the skin as *his* even though it wasn’t. Because they’ve established, it was platonic. So why did it feel like it was so much more?

“S-Sapnap,” George heaves, his voice on the edge of whiny.

He doesn’t know why he said it, the name slipping from his tongue without a second thought. Sapnap lets his hands run down to rest on the other’s hips, firmly gripping at the bone and pushing George back, shoving him to lay flat on his back as Sapnap hovers over him, growling into the skin.

The strength Sapnap uses to pin the other to the couch erupts a series of blue butterflies inside of George’s stomach before it’s gone, hands slipping underneath the white cotton fabric that drowns his body. Cold fingertips send a shiver down George’s spine, butterflies increasing tenfold as he lets a soft moan slip past his lips.

Sapnap pulls his head back from the curve of George's neck, eyes interlocking with brown irises that are almost swallowed by black. And something in George wants to break the distance, smash their lips together in a heated kiss that projects the intensity of the moment they're already intertwined in having. But Sapnap slips down before George can have the time of day.

"W-What are you doing?"

A smirk is ever-present on the other's lip as he brings himself down between George's legs, exposed by shorts that could barely be seen if he stood up. Sapnap places a small kiss on the inside of his thigh, George sitting up on his elbows to peer down.

"Well," Sapnap begins, kissing the skin again, "if things happen to escalate between you and Dream tomorrow, it would be hot for him to see my hickeys on your thighs as well."

"He'll think we did things together..."

"But aren't we?"

Pink flushes deeper on George's cheeks as Sapnap bites down, doing everything but drawing blood. And he hisses, throws his head up at the ceiling as his mouth drops in a silent moan. Teeth dig into a sensitive patch of skin, having George bawl his hands in a fist to keep himself from threading fingers through raven waves of hair.

"I-I dunno," he slurs out in response as lips pull and suck in the same way they did on his neck.

George couldn't think about what would happen with Dream when he feasted green eyes upon the minimal damage done to his neck—it almost felt secretive, knowing that he wouldn't be able to see the ones placed between his thighs. "He's going to be upset."

Sapnap laughs, turning his attention to the other thigh. "Isn't that what you want? Confirmation that he likes you back?"

*Yes. It is.*

*But maybe now, I want you, too.*

When Sapnap finished his unanimous terrorism, he bid George goodnight, leaving him on the couch with a heaving chest and a fumbled mind. And when he pushed down his pride, convinced himself that what happened with Sapnap was just a platonic instance between two friends who are just helping the other out, he pushed himself from the couch and trudged to his room.

And if he stops at the door of Dream's, pushes it open to see the boy sleeping peacefully in his bed, his heart squeezing at the pretty sight, then that's nobody's business but his.

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It was stupid to think that Dream wouldn't notice right away. Because of fucking course he would.

His eyes were practically glued on George's figure the second he walked into the kitchen that afternoon he woke up. And he tried so hard not to make a scene, tried to control the anger that flared in his gut at the awkward exchange of eye contact that Sapnap and George shared before brown was trained on green.

He tried, and he fucking failed.

“What the hell are those?”

George freezes at the strained question, sensing the indignation behind words that were supposed to be kept low toned. A poorly sought-out laugh escapes Sapnap’s throat, the boy coughing and shutting up the second Dream snapped red-like eyes at him, and the tension is insufferable, blatant, and unmistakably there between all three of them.

“What do you mean?” George was the one to break through confidently.

“On your fucking neck, dumbass,” Dream stalks around the counter, steps closer to George. And this time, he doesn’t give a shit when George finches from the proximity. “Did you guys...?”

Dream flicks his gaze between the two friends, hurt sweeping through his bones at the regrettable intentions washing over their faces. He lets his thumb dig into one of the chocolate cosmo marks, not hearing the faint whimper that swirls the air the second he presses down. His mind is scattered over, green possession taking over his brain with a hazy cloud, nail dragging over the hickey so evidently put there by Sapnap.

“What the actual *fuck*?”

Brown eyes go wide the second Dream drops his hand away. “W-Wait, Dream—it isn’t what it looks like.”

“Isn’t what it looks like?” Dream repeats. “It’s exactly what it looks like. You *fucked* Sapnap.”

And though it isn’t true, nobody tries to defend themselves. Nobody tries to tell Dream otherwise, and instead, Sapnap and George let him walk away with one last anger-filled stare.

“Told you so,” Sapnap shrugs nonchalantly. “Now he’s going to plan how to throw me in a ditch.”

George throws a look in Sapnap’s direction. “Just shut the fuck up, dude,” he rolls his eyes, sliding from behind the counter. “I’m gonna go talk to him.”

“Yeah,” Sapnap smirks, “good luck with that.”

George leaves the kitchen with another roll of his eyes, hesitantly strolling down the hallway to Dream’s room. His heart is beating so fast that he thought it would explode from his chest, grey guilt swelling under his skin as he pushes Dream’s door open.

“Dream—” He gets cut off immediately.

“Just get out, George.”

“No,” George bites out, closing the door behind him before stepping close to the figure sat at the end of a bed, “let me try to explain myself before you jump to conclusions.”

Dream huffs. “I’m not jumping to conclusions, George. It’s fucking obvious what you guys—”

“He only left hickeys, Dream!” George interrupts. “Don’t be such a prude.

For a second, it looked as though red flashes behind green eyes again. The muscles in Dream’s jaw lock, teeth gritting together as anger seeps into his blood. And for another second, George genuinely was afraid of that look—though it also coursed arousal in his nerves with blistering heat.

“I don’t care what Sapnap did,” Dream springs off the bed, striding closer and closer to invade George’s space, “he still touched you, marked you up—why the *fuck* did you even let him mark you up? Do you like him or something?”

The words fall with a poisonous bite, almost like a challenge. George almost hesitates to step backward, back hitting up against the door while Dream follows him. His breath hitches from the closeness, unsteady as he feels the heat radiating from Dream’s body—and then, he accepts it.

“What if I do, huh?” George crosses his arms over his chest. “What are you going to do about it?”

“Don’t—” Dream bites his lip, “Don’t fucking start with me, George. I’m serious.”

George smiles, cocky and confident. “Well, I am, too,” he dares to get closer. “So tell me, Dream. What would you do if I happened to like him? After all, his lips felt *so good* on my thighs.”

Without any warning, a cruel hand wraps around George’s neck, pushing him up against the door as a surprised gasp leaves the comfort of his throat. His eyes go wide, whimpering pathetically from the way Dream cut off his airflow with barely enough strength.

“I’ll do one better,” Dream proposes, “I’ll fuck you so goddamn hard, you won’t want Sapnap. Or anyone else, for that matter.”

“Then do it.”

“Yeah?”

George gulps. “Yeah. Show me how you’re better than Sapnap.”

And as soon as the words left his mouth, Dream tugs him forward by the grasp he holds around his neck. Teeth knocking together instantly, a gasp being muffled on Dream’s tongue the second the hand on George’s throat slipped up to pull his head back by brown locks.

The difference in height between them is completely obvious because Dream has to lean down to kiss George properly. And when Dream tugs George’s head back even further to press harder against his lips, he barely smirks at the whimper he receives, the string burning George’s scalp in a way he likes most.

It’s almost pathetic how quick George is to turn into putty underneath Dream’s touch, completely falling out of the challenging persona he put on only moments ago. Slick spit is exchanged with every swipe of their tongues, dripping dark fire down George’s throat as he grabbles for the collar of Dream’s shirt, the mobility of his hands not being found.

The hand in George’s hair tugs him away from Dream, spit shining over pretty pink as he whimpers again. Then, he’s being pushed towards the bed.

“Such an attention whore, Georgie,” Dream coaxes, a sick smirk sliding over his face as he staddles small hips.

A mean hand encases George’s face, fingers digging into the sides of his cheeks hard enough to force his mouth open. Then there’s spit on his tongue, slick as it slides down the muscle with a pretty gasp that sounds the air around them.

“Did Sapnap treat you like this?” he asks darkly.

George swallows and tries to shake his head. “N-No, he didn’t... he was too soft with me—

hesitant.”

“Oh, he was?” Dream laughs darkly, a sharp sting blitzing George’s cheek alongside a choked moan. “Did he not treat like a whore to be tossed around? How mean of him.”

A whimper slips from George’s tongue, eyes blown wide with desperation. And in reality, he liked the way Sapnap treated him last night, liked that Sapnap touched him with such gentleness to make him want more. But he also likes how Dream treats him roughly and spits out derogatory names that have him caving into submission almost instantly.

George leans up to try and connect their lips again, but Dream shoves him back down with a hand wrapped around his throat again. There’s sadistic fire behind green eyes, another laugh cutting through the air from the high-shrilled whine that cuts through the air.

“Be quiet, angel,” Dream smiles, dipping his head down, “unless you want Sapnap to hear you. But you’d like that, wouldn’t you? Want him to hear how I ruin you like the whore you are?”

*I want him to watch*, George thinks, the taunting image of having Sapnap watch how Dream fucks him into oblivion plaguing his mind. He wants Sapnap to look into his eyes as he comes all over himself from the way he’s being demolished by Dream’s cock. And he only realized he said the word aloud when another laugh rings through his ears.

“You do?”

George looks away, tries to push down the embarrassment that bubbles in his gut. But the attempt is futile when Dream rolls his bottom lip between his teeth and grins with an evil twist that George couldn’t see.

“Sapnap!” Dream shouts, calling for the other male in the house.

The boy below snaps his head back to face Dream. “No! W-What are you doing?”

Dream doesn’t answer, his attention being drawn away from George the second the bedroom door opens and Sapnap emerges from behind. He looks taken aback for a moment, face twisting in shock at the sight of George being pinned down by Dream’s much bigger body, the boy refusing to meet the eyes trained on him.

“W-What is it?”

“Little whore here wants you to watch while I fuck him silly.” A whimper breaks the silence that falls in over air, obviously being from George.

“W-What?” Sapnap says, mouth dry.

“Yeah,” Dream slides his hand up to tap George on the cheek, forcing his eyes on Sapnap, “said it himself. So close the door, sit down on the bed, and I swear to god if you touch him like you did last night, you’ll never be here again. Got it?”

A shiver wracks through George’s body from the possessive tone that drips from Dream’s tongue, making an uncontrollable whine draw the attention back to him.

“J-Jesus christ, Dream—” Sapnap whispers, closing the door behind him and stalking closer to where the two lay on the edge of the bed. George’s eyes follow him. “So, I can’t touch him at all?”

Dream shakes his head. “Nope. You’ll be a good boy and sit pretty at the headboard and watch him

become a mess.”

The mattress dips under the weight of Sapnap’s knees as he crawls to the top of the bed, settling to the right of it. And it’s such an erotic sight the see: George pinned underneath Dream. It has his cock jerking to attention in his jeans as Dream turns his eyes down to the boy below.

“This what you want, princess?” he asks, fire brawling down to a minimal flame just to check-in.

George answers without hesitation. “Yeah. It is, Dream, please.”

When their lips connect again, George mewls, chasing pretty pink with an edge of desperation as he tries to roll his hips. Venomous drops of want slip to the back of his throat, catching in his chest as he whines pathetically at the way Dream doesn’t let him have the friction he craves.

Sapnap’s eyes are trained on them, watching as George struggles to kiss Dream with the same intensity he’s being met with. It makes him feel hazy, like he’s intruding on something that should’ve been kept as a personal secret. (Though, being logical, he would’ve heard them from the kitchen if any of the loud whimpers from last alluded to anything George is like in bed).

The tantalizing pressure of his cock straining his underwear is something Sapnap hates. But he hasn’t been given permission to do anything else but watch, so he restrains from doing anything less, because Dream is scarily attractive when he’s like this—all demanding and possessive over the whimpering boy below him.

And Sapnap has no problem sitting still, watching George becoming a wreck by cruel hands that leave trails of green with every glide against pale skin.

As Dream pulls away from George’s mouth, he locks eyes with Sapnap. “Get your phone out,” he says, “You record this shit and engrave it into your mind that *I’m* the one who gets to fuck George. Not you. Got it, bitch?”

Coursing shivers of hot arousal flutter through Sapnap’s bones, a hand fumbling to reach in his pocket and take out that small device Dream wants him to. He nods to make sure Dream knew he understood, clicking on his phone and swiping to the back camera, starting a new recording.

He holds the gadget carefully in his hand. “Do you want me to get the lube for you guys?”

“That’d be nice, Sapnap,” Dream responds, voice muffled where his face is pressed in George’s neck.

Dream is too busy trying to cover ruby marks that were placed on the other’s skin, wanting them to be worse than they already are, that he doesn’t bother to pay any attention to Sapnap’s movements. George already sounds desperate, breaths heavy, and whimpers slip into Dream’s ears, leaving pride swelling up in his gut. And when he remembers that *Sapnap* heard the same things last night, he bites down on the barely-there indentation of teeth that he already knew wasn’t his.

The loud whine Dream receives in return has him grinning as if he won something of value.

Blood rushes underneath the surface of pale skin, marking George pastel red that’ll turn deep purple in the hours he’ll be stuck with the two boys—his best friend’s. It feels hot to know that Sapnap is watching this, that he’s recording this moment, and maybe if George asks kindly enough, he’ll be able to have the video in his camera roll by the end of the night. (God only knows he’ll watch it again and again).

Something is thrown beside George’s head with a soft *thud*, making him flinch and tilt his head

back to look at Sapnap. And if that wasn't a mistake, because George could see the hunger in Sapnap's eyes, the same kind of look that had been present last night when his head was between pale thighs. It makes him keen.

Sapnap gulps, spit hot like a fire as it slips down his throat, Adam's apple bobbing from the invasion of arousal taking over his body. And it makes him wonder: *are we really doing this right now?*

Hickeys from last night are plastered by the mean marks of Dream's mouth, George's neck covered in muted reds and purples, the brand of ivory teeth carved out in his skin. His lips are parted from never-ending whines and whimpers that slip from his tongue, a sheen of pleasured tears glossing over brown eyes as they bore into Sapnap's.

And the answer to Sapnap's question is abundantly clear.

*Yes, they are doing this.*

George breaks eye contact to look directly at the camera's screen, seeing the image of Dream hovering above him, face buried in his neck. He notices the dark shade of vermillion that decorates his cheeks, the shine to his eyes that looks so fucking pathetic, and it makes strawberries and gold run through his blood, knowing it was because of Dream.

Hands slip underneath cotton, the sensation of Dream's fingers on the pale skin of his sides making George shiver and let out a weak moan as he's brought back to reality, turning his eyes back to the ceiling. His shirt is peeled from his body, discarded somewhere in the room to find at another time when they aren't occupied. A wet tongue finds its way to his nipple, swiping it across pink before it's gone without a second thought.

As Dream slips down, he pushes George further up the bed until he's in the middle of it, leaving enough space for Dream to do his own thing with George and be able to touch Sapnap as well.

Fingers hook under the band of George's sweats, the boy bending his knees and lifting his hips off the bed to help Dream discard them faster. And maybe he forgot about the hickeys on his thigh within the short moments of being pushed into a fuzzy headspace. But he definitely remembered them when a low growl pierced the air, and a nail scraped against mulberry in a way that made the sensitive marks become even more so.

“You did it here, too?” Dream snaps his gaze to Sapnap.

Something like a challenge bubbles in Sapnap's chest for a quick moment, a smirking daring to slide over his mouth. “I did,” he says, “and he made so many pretty noises for me, didn't you, Georgie?”

George whines high in his throat at Sapnap's words that dare to draw a reaction from the already too jealous blond. “S-Shut up, Sapnap.”

“I suggest you listen to him,” Dream smirks, gliding his hand between George's thighs, palm rubbing over the obvious erection straining in his boxers. “Unless you wanna listen from your room, instead.”

And it's then Sapnap decides that Dream has all the say in the matter, the confidence from earlier slipping away from him rapidly. George's underwear is peeled from his body without care, his cock slapping against his stomach once free of the thin confinements as Dream throws the fabric to the side, leaving George bare and exposed.

Precum leaks lewdly onto George's stomach, the hand wrapping around the length cold enough to have him hissing out Dream's name.

Dream glides his hand up and down in slow strokes, thumb rolling over the frenulum and slicking the skin with a glistening sheen. The movements have George moaning, trying to fuck his dick up into Dream's fist out of a moment of desperation.

It all feels too blasphemous for George. Sapnap's eyes could be felt burning into his skin with a vicious bite of darkness, Dream's calloused hand stroking his cock at a minor place that feels like pleasurable sandpaper in some weird way. Petals of red roses weave under George's skin, thorny stems poking his body with hedonism with every drag of a tan palm.

Green eyes flick over to Sapnap once more. "You can touch yourself," Dream says shallowly, sliding his knees down, so his face is in between pale legs. "Not like I care if you get off or not."

Sapnap huffs, rolling his eyes as he fiddles with the strings of his pants. "I'm okay for now."

The blush on Sapnap's cheeks is barely noticeable, desperation behind specks of grey and green, and Sapnap lets the heel of his palm brush over the obvious tent in his shorts. His skin feels as if it's on fire, the sight of his best friend's practically fucking each other doing things to his body he never thought he'd like.

Dream turns his attention back to George, his barely-stubble brushing on the insides of pretty thighs, making George shiver and try to close his legs to escape the irresistible feeling. Dream kisses each patch of soft skin, rolling his tongue over purple hickeys, digging the wet muscle into the leftover bite mark Sapnap left last night. And then he makes them worse by sucking more over the marks, just to lessen the amount of *Sapnap* that's been bled into the skin.

George's cock twitches where it lays on his stomach, a soft mantra of whimpers and gasps falling out in the air when Dream digs his palms into the bone of small hips, pinning George down on the bed in a way that's nothing short of bruising.

When Dream looks back to the boy by the headboard, he notices the lack of pants and underwear, Sapnap's hand curled around the base of his cock, stroking himself in slow motions. He pulls himself up from between the other's thighs.

The strokes are steady, trying to keep himself right on the edge of *barely-there* so he wouldn't miss Dream making a mess of George. His other hand holding the phone is, similarly, trying to keep stable—to capture the needy sounds that George is making, to capture the alluring way that Dream is making George his own.

Dream sees the way that Sapnap bites his bottom lip, trying to keep his desperation at bay. The strokes are still paced, but the squeeze on his own cock is clearly tighter.

"Thought you were too good to touch yourself?" Dream digs his fingers into George's thighs as he speaks, making sure to keep George grounded while he tries to unravel the need wound deep within Sapnap.

"I'm not," Sapnap murmurs and exhales a shaky breath, loosening his grip on his cock to face Dream.

There's a dangerous look in Dream's eyes. If there were ever a sign of danger, it would be the predatory gaze that spills over his face like snake venom. In that moment, Sapnap thinks that looks could certainly kill by the way that Dream's eyes flutter and sear his lethal gaze over his flushed

cock.

“Are you such a desperate whore that you can’t even record properly? I see your slutty hands shaking.” The words are paced and slow, like Dream is the one stroking him with burning, ghostly hands.

“You’re the one who asked me to—” a whine is pulled from his throat before he can even finish his sentence. Dream has his hand digging into his thigh, leaving pretty, crescent reds that will bloom purple under tomorrow’s sun.

“Shut your mouth, cockslut,” the words sear into his psyche, tugging at lustful strings like he’s a puppet for Dream to play with. Sapnap is barely stroking himself now, his mouth just slightly parted to even the erratic rhythm of his heart.

“Why don’t you show the camera your cock, pretty boy?” Dream says as he moves one hand back on George’s thighs.

Sapnap whines at the command. There are beads of precum pooling at the head, and he dips his thumb into the sensitive spot before spreading the thick liquid and using it to stroke himself. He keeps his eyes on Dream as he aims the phone’s camera to the thickness of his length. It would be so easy to hear his breathing, see his shaky thighs, and maybe the devilish smirk that Dream has as he watches it all happen.

Dream keeps watching him. His other hand is slowly stroking the soft skin of Sapnap’s inner thigh, creating a soothing rhythm that keeps him right at the edge of pleasure.

“Such a good, cockslut,” Dream digs his fingers into his thighs, marking him in a way that George failed to do.

The whines and soft moans of *Dream* slipped from Sapnap’s mouth with slick ease. It was nice to see him melting by the headboard — right at the edge of watching, right at the edge of Dream and George.

“Dream,” his name was called by the other boy on the bed. George pawed at the sheets, searching for Dream’s hands. When he found them, he started rubbing at his rough knuckles.

“Stop fucking paying attention to him,” George whines from his position on the bed, his body squirming impatiently and his hands dipping to trace his own v-line.

Instead of answering, Dream rips his hands off Sapnap’s thigh and grabs George’s jaw, digging his fingers harshly into the bone. George whimpers but still smiles, softly enjoying Dream’s touch after so long.

Dream looks back at him with a look that’s as far from reassuring as it could be.

The heavy hand slips off of George’s face, and just as fast as it had squeezed his jaw, the hand comes down hard on his cheek. There is a blooming red color almost immediately, marking George with a red blemish that would claim him as Dream’s for any on-looker. It was hard and mean, searing him into submission, forcing a pliant moan from his sloppy face.

Dream looks at him with a wicked expression that shows just how much he’s admiring the red color furling on his cheek. He’s looking at George’s face like an artist admires a painting, like a chef admires a dish, like he’s proud of the pretty color, watery lashlines, and messy noise that he made from George. The lust is a messy sense of creation for Dream when he’s in power.

Sapnap on the side of the bed is nearly breathless. His hand is milking his cock slowly, but the shock of the slap nearly begged him to speed up his pace. It was overwhelming and hot, how easy it had been to remind George that he was Dream's, that he needed the imprint of his hand on his cheek. And Sapnap got it all on camera, the lewdness of George's needy moans stored away behind the glass screen.

“You don’t get to make demands, princess,” Dream moves his hand back down to rub his cheek with his thumb and trace the curve of his jaw. George leans into the touch, humming as he enjoys the attention.

He pulls back his hand slowly, repositioning himself back in between purple, red, and milky thighs. Dream finds himself slowly falling back into the same pattern of biting, licking, and pinching—all different ways to mark George as his own. And below him, George is falling apart with shaky hands and stuttering breaths.

Sapnap watches him fall apart, like every kiss to George's thighs is a domino falling.

“Feels good,” George murmurs softly, and then Dream bites harshly into a previously made mark, which causes George's back to slightly arch off the bed. The mixture of pleasure and pain and possession becomes intoxicating.

George's cock is weeping a violent, red color, contrasting from the paleness of his belly. Sapnap looks at the way it leaks precum in desperation, ignored by Dream's possessive hands that are ravishing soft and lean thighs. Sapnap admires the way that his thighs transition so well into his knees and then his calves, like every section that makes up his legs needed to be perfectly crafted to absolute proportions. It's satisfying in a way—to see the pale muscles being decorated with pink, red, and purple ornaments.

Dream relishes his ownership of the thighs between his face. Enjoying the way that George reacts so easily. Soon enough, there is a mass of blond hair right at the edge of where the man beneath him really needs his mouth to be. He sucks softly, marking intimate places that no one but him *and Sapnap* will ever see. The mass of hair gets closer and closer to his cock, but it never gets there—it just taunts at a pleasure that may or may not come.

“Please,” George whines helplessly, trying to buck his hips up.

Dream doesn't respond. Just tightens his grip on George's slim waist and starts biting and nipping softly. More and more whines ripped from George's fragile throat. And Sapnap is watching, tracing the head of his own cock in a way that's faint, in a way that mimics the pleasure that George hasn't been allowed to have either.

When Dream feels like it, when he thinks George has had enough, he licks a slow stride up his cock. And the man below him has an immediate reaction, trying to arch his back helplessly as greedy hands have crucified him to a bed of pleasure and submission.

“Ask for it,” Dream says as he pulls back completely, eyes with a scathing heat bearing into George's blown out and needy pupils.

“Please, Dream. Please suck me off. I need your mouth on my cock. Please.” He gives in so easy—he wants to be owned, to be made putty in skilled, covetous hands.

“You’re so spoiled, princess,” Dream dives back down and begins to lap at his cock.

The licks are sloppy, full of gathered spit to ensure that his cock is lubed up enough. George is

already moaning with pitched whines coming from his mouth like an endless stream.

Soon enough, Dream properly has his mouth on him. Wet heat enveloping the head and then half of the cock in front of him. It's hot the way he struggles with the length, having to use his hands to jerk off what he can't fit in his mouth.

Sapnap is tracing the jerking motions of Dream's hands and mouth onto his own leaking cock. Dream has command of the whole room, and it would be hard not to submit to him—not because of how rough he was, but because of how alluring he made it seem, like you wanted to give yourself to him, and maybe both Sapnap and George did.

He was slow with his mouth, licking in a way that was barely enough, but it made George's body subdue in pleasurable heat. He licked from the base to head a few times and then pulled all the way back out to slowly blow at the tip. George shivered slightly, small goosebumps growing on his skin. Then his length was back in Dream's mouth.

Dream pushed the cock halfway past his plush lips, and when he was three-quarters of the way there, he gagged a little. The soft blond locks on his head began to dance up and down slowly as he began to bob his head, giving George what he wanted.

George was a mess already. He slowly reached down to find the soft, brassy hair and slithered his fingers in to tug softly and anchor himself. He was moaning, trying not to push his hips into Dream's throat so he wouldn't be reprimanded, but a small part of him wanted the punishment.

Sapnap eyes were fixed on George's chest. It was entralling how his ribs would rise and fall, expanding and contracting, but shaking as his knuckles coiled into themselves. George looked so alive, so red and on display with the blush covering his face and shoulders.

Dream kept bobbing his head in a constant pattern, gradually speeding up the pace to build up George's release. He pulled out all the way again, causing George to whine at the loss of heat on his cock.

“Need you on my cock.” The desperation radiated from George's voice. “Pretty please,”

Instead of answering, Dream engulfed the head of his cock again, sinking further and further, throat squeezing around his cock tighter and tighter. He eventually bottomed out, his nose flush against his skin, inhaling George's scent like a lifeline.

Despite how much George tried to calm himself and control the impatient urges of his body, he bucked his hips into Dream's mouth. Dream inevitably gagged, but instead of pulling out, he dug his hands deeper into George's waist, keeping him in check.

Dream's own face was red from the lack of oxygen, but he kept his throat around George. It was a brutal test of patience for both of them, and yet Dream's nails carved deeper into George's waist, molding him like clay.

He eventually had to pull back for air, and he was gasping. His hand, however, never released its tight hold on George's waist. He dove right back between George's thighs, trailing hot kisses as he caught his breath, chest panting from oxygen deprivation.

He sunk back down, all the way to the hilt, and began bobbing his head at a constant rhythm. His lashlines were slightly watery as he tried to swallow down all of the length, but there was nothing but cruelty in the pace he was setting.

Sapnap's pace on his cock was simultaneously ruthless, as he jerked his cock to match. Sloppy

moans were slipping from his mouth, and the phone had been forgotten somewhere along the bed as he threw his head back. There was a string of curses coming from his mouth, and anyone could tell that he was close; the tight feeling of his orgasm was soon to seize his muscles and milk his cock for its white threads of cum.

Dream quickly stopped sucking off George and cleared his abused throat, sharp gaze peering into Sapnap with a laser stare that could break through titanium walls.

“Don’t you dare fucking cum yet,” and his mouth was back on George just as quickly.

Sapnap whined but slowed his pace anyway, turning back to watch how Dream was working George’s cock with his mouth.

It was obvious how close George was. His lean thighs were slightly shaking with an arched back that was trying to keep itself grounded to bed in vain. Dream was bobbing his head quicker now, not able to sink to the base, but using his hand for the length that couldn’t fit in his mouth. Wet sounds reverberated throughout the room, burning noises of pleasure into the walls.

“Cum. Can I cum? Please. Please, Dream. I need it,” George was right on the edge, ready to fall into and drown in a pool of pleasure.

Dream’s ego was soaring as George was falling apart right underneath him. Dream pulled out, moving his hands in a jerking motion to replace his mouth on George’s cock while he spoke.

“You can cum, but you have to keep your pretty eyes on me,” Dream squeezed his hand on George’s cock and was quick to swallow his dick whole again.

George nearly came at the feeling, but instead, he paced his breath. He looked down at Dream, observing the way he worked his cock with his mouth. It was captivating how skilled Dream was at making him feel like putty.

The pace was picking up again with a devilish speed that made George feel the heat of his pleasure. His hands rushed to tug at Dream’s soft curls as his own feet curved like bows. His back arched, and he did his best to keep his eyes on Dream.

George squeezes his eyes tight for a few seconds. When he opens them again, he sees Dream looking up at him. His eyes are predatory and full of claim, even with their watery, glazed finished. And that’s what pushes him over the edge.

His head falls back on the pillows with Dream’s grip on his waist and thighs being the only thing keeping him tethered to the bed. His orgasm rips through him like a wildfire burns through dry forests, and it leaves him shaking and screaming. Dream bobs his head through all of it, milking his cock.

Sapnap, right next to him, is jerking himself with the same pace, trying to push himself off the edge, and when he hears the way that George screams Dream’s name on his lips, he cum, releasing white strips of cum onto the bed and his hand.

They’re all panting now. The room is full of breath and sex, with Dream enjoying the raw sensation of his throat, forcing himself to breathe through his nose because there’s still something in his mouth.

Dream pulls himself up slowly and pushes himself onto Sapnap. Sapnap opens his legs wider to accommodate how close he is. The hand that Dream places on his jaw is soft and endearing, rewarding Sapnap for his patience. And then he moves it away to tap twice on his lips, causing the

other to open his mouth in mutual understanding.

Their lips connect in a soft kiss that's messy and uncoordinated, George's cum spilling onto the warm tongue. Sapnap couldn't help the needy whimper if he tried at the taste. Bitterness swallows down his throat, chasing the essence of *George*.

"Doesn't he taste so sweet, Sap?"

Sapnap opens his eyes slowly, fluttery eyelashes that would answer the question for anyone who saw him.

"Taste so good," he nearly hums, and then he pushes himself closer to Dream to kiss him again.

Dream smirks against his lips as he slips his tongue inside Sapnap's pliant mouth. It's endearing how soft he gets post-orgasm. But then Dream is pulling away just as quickly. Sapnap tries to chase his lips—to have the taste of George pressed into his mouth along with Dream's possession.

"Easy, boy," Dream chuckles lightly as he shuffles away from him.

His hands are roaming through the bed until his fingers intertwine with the familiar bottle of lube. Dream is quick to pour it over his fingers and slick them up.

"Open your legs, Georgie," Dream slaps George's thigh.

"I just came," George whines as he does what he's told anyway.

"Don't you wanna be good for me?" Dream circles his rim with his lubed index finger, not daring to push in, but trying to rile him up again.

George nods at the possibility of praise and knows how good it will feel to be filled. He throws his head back into the pillows as Dream is slow to finger him open.

Soon enough, he's thrusting his index finger fully, creating a slow rhythm that now feels underwhelming for George. He lubes the second finger, and George enjoys the slight burn as it slides into him slowly.

George is whimpering softly as he's opened, taking what he's given in a way that feels good for him. Dream is spreading his fingers open in a scissoring motion now.

Sapnap is still watching hungrily from where he's seated. His hand is in his cock again, but there's no real hurry to it, as he's just trying to get hard again.

Dream's fingers are still agonizingly slow, refusing to give him the third finger he needs or even brushing close to his prostate. George is frustrated, even in his blissful state.

"Fuck me please, Dream," George whines as he tries to push himself down onto Dream's fingers.

Dream stills his movements as he grabs his waists. He glares at him, green eyes glowing with a dangerous heat. "What do you mean, princess? I'm already fucking you on my fingers."

"Not enough." George thinks that begging will get him what he wants—it always does. "I want your cock. Please."

"Do you want it like you wanted Sapnap to fucking mark you? Or do you actually need my cock?" Dream bites back sharply, the green flames of jealousy spreading to cover his chest.

Sapnap's face burns hotter from the bed as he watches the scene unfold in front of him. His hand tugs tighter on his own dick.

"Need your cock. I didn't need Sapnap's marks." The whines come from his mouth so easily, like he was made to worship Dream with his words. "Please just fuck me, Dream."

Dream inserts the third finger and thrusts at a quicker pace, giving George what he asked for, what he *needed*. And while he's being stretched open, Sapnap props his phone up on the nightstand.

After some time, when Dream thinks that George has been opened enough, he pulls his fingers out and wipes them on the bed. His clothes are discarded somewhere in the room, and then he grabs the lube again, lathering his thick length before lining himself with George's rim.

"Ready, pretty boy?" The new nickname has George's face melting as he nods.

Dream bottoms out slowly, being careful not to hurt George—even though the thought of George limping because of the size and speed of his cock turns him on more than it probably should. Dream begins slowly thrusting when he feels George's legs squeeze around his back.

Soft moans are coming from George. His hair is disheveled with a matching messy cock that's hard on his stomach.

"Doesn't he take *my* cock so well, Sap?" Sapnap is quick to notice the accentuation and possession in Dream's voice, and the humiliation of his fisted cock burns into his face, but he answers anyway.

"Yeah," Sapnap speeds his hand, "he's such a slut for your cock."

Dream smirks as he speeds up his thrusts, causing George to let out a particularly loud moan that swells his ego. Sapnap remains the ever-vigilant watcher, eyes burning as their flushed bodies fuck in rhythm, and his own hand keeps up with the jerking. It's exciting that he's right at the threshold of Dream and George, but also not quite there. It keeps him tethered to the bed, even though he could leave at any time, but he would never allow himself to miss this.

Dream picks up his speed again, thrusting into George violently. He's burning up, sweat dripping from his body in slow motion like ashes separate from burning paper. The sound of skin on skin is loud and undeniable, filling the room with the craze of sex.

He feels a familiar heat coiling low in his body, twisting in a way that threatens to come undone. Groans and sloppy moans are coming from his mouth intertwined with careless curses that tell George he's close.

"Wanna cum. Use my body. Please, please. Make me yours," George moans as he reaches down to jerk his own cock. He's not as close as Dream, but the promise of Dream's cum filling him makes him harder just at the thought.

George's head is tilted up to the ceiling, eyes rolled back in his head and his jaw lax as broken, pleasure-induced screams never falter. His hands are fisting at white cotton, so much that Sapnap genuinely thought he'd tear the sheets with his nails. It's so fucking sinful, watching George be absolutely ruined by Dream's abnormally large cock—even more sinful when he remembers that George is the one who wanted him here.

Bruising hands pin paleness to the mattress, palms digging into bone, and George *trembles*, hands shaking as he releases his tight grip on the bedsheets, fingers not knowing what to do but curl up into weak fists.

“Please!” he cries out, drool slipping down the corner of his mouth. “Le’ me cum—I wan’ cum, Dr’mie, please.”

A sadistic laugh cracks through the wall of never-ending moans joint from both Sapnap and George—though George’s are far more wrecked and far more justified.

“You’ll cum when Sapnap does, angel,” Dream throws a glance to the boy sitting up at the headboard of the bed, “So don’t be begging me.”

Umber eyes flutter open, glossy browns staring straight into Sapnap’s. And *oh no*.

The jerky, uncoordinated movements of Sapnap’s wrist stop almost instantly, fist settling at the base of his cock as he prepares himself for the inevitability of hearing George beg in that tone of voice he used for Dream seconds ago. He knew he would come undone if he hadn’t stopped himself.

“Sa’nap...” George slurs, eyes threatening to shut from every thrust delivered to the frailty of his body.

He can barely get any words out, either becoming incoherent from choking on spit or being cut off every time the head of Dream’s cock hits that lovingly abused spot inside him. And because of that, Dream laughs with a sick twinge of ebon fire.

Pale cheeks have completely turned red, saliva drying on the bridge of George’s nose from where Dream spat on his face. The blackness of his pupils were wide and blown-out so wide that it swallowed the natural brown, his pretty, pink lips parted with every slip of a moan or scream. Purple and red litters his neck, the brand of Dream’s sharp canines and swollen hickeys from both parties—though Sapnap’s were now covered up by possessiveness.

George’s body shakes and trembles, Dream having no mercy for his debilitated state of bliss. And Sapnap wants to touch him, pet his hair, kiss and bite at his lips until they’re raw and swollen, but Dream’s earlier words have him resisting. Because he needs to see this again—doesn’t know if he’ll be able to forget the way his best friend’s fucked in front of him.

“Princess,” Dream calls, smirk wide on his face, “tell him what you need.”

It’s a muffled mess of spit, but eventually, George gets it out. “C-Cum! I wanna cum, Sa’nap, please.”

Dream directs his attention to the other. “You hear that, sweetheart? He’s been going for so long, so cum for us. And then he can.”

An embarrassing blush sits on already red cheeks, Sapnap averting his eyes down to his cock as he glides his fist up again. Then Dream is back to fucking George at the same pace as before, the slap of skin on skin echoing through the room harshly.

George is pleading, begging for Sapnap’s release. “M-My face...” he barely gets out, “I-I wan’ him to c-cum on my face.”

Piercing green tears George apart from a simple stare, muted black flashing behind Dream’s eyes from the disparity of broken, slurred words.

“You do?” he says sweetly, juxtaposed with the harshness of his hips.

“Wan’ suck him off—can I, please.”

And though the possessive flare Dream has over George screams no, his actions are entirely different. He beckons for Sapnap to come closer, to which the boy complies.

Sapnap's cock is taken into George's mouth within seconds, his tongue sloppy as he rolls it on the underside of the girth. It's nothing less than messy, Dream's thrusts making George scrape his teeth over sensitive skin, and it all has both he and Sapnap close to coming undone, and Dream breaks first.

Dream's muscles tighten, his hands dig harder into George's hips, and he leans closer to George, forcing himself deeper as his thrusts get even faster. George is moaning crudely, allowing Dream to use him as he wishes. He cumms as George squeezes around him, velvet walls painted white as his rim catches on the head of his cock, and then Dream pushes back inside, fucking the cum deeper into him.

He keeps his thrusts at a quick pace and replaces George's hand with his own to make sure that George cumms because he made him.

"Be a good boy and cum for me," Dream pants as he powers through with sloppy thrusts.

The words sear into his blistering skin, and George cumms as white spurts paint his chest and Dream's hand. Next to them, Sapnap is panting, trying to speed up his hand as fast as he can, head thrown back as the desperation squeezes his body tightly, cock buried in George's mouth. Dream continues to fuck George through his orgasm, even as the overstimulation rips him into him like shreds of paper.

And then he's collapsing next to George just as soon, both of them panting into the room. Sapnap cumms after, looking down at his hands as two rounds of cum are spread between his fingers and chest, wiping them on the sheets before grabbing his phone, stopping the recording.

"You should go get cleaned up," Dream whispers to him. "I got George."

Sapnap huffs out a laugh, crawling off of the bed. "I'm not sorry, you know. For like, marking George up or whatever."

"I know."

For a moment, nothing is said. George dozing off while he's still such a mess, cum leaking out of him, hickeys covering his neck and thighs, and bruises in the shape of Dream's hands forming on his hips. He looks wrecked, and Dream is almost proud of it.

"It was nice though, watching," Sapnap says, a grin on his lips, "and if doing that to George lets me get in here more often, then I don't know if I'll ever want to stop."

Dream laughs, hands caressing George's stomach. "Don't worry, you'll be in here a lot more. I think he likes you, too." There's a beat of silence. "Can you go get a towel from the bathroom?"

"Yeah, dude. Want me to get painkillers for him?" Sapnap nods to George.

"Sure—oh, and can you send me that video?"

## End Notes

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